

Blue Eyed Man of Peace, a Fighter and a Datto

Captain John J. Pershing, of Mindanao, a Much Feared and Beloved Man.

A SOLOMON IN WISDOM

His Adopted Sons of the Orient and the Wife Committed to His Care "as a Father."

HAS IDEAS ABOUT THE MOROS

Does Not Believe They Should Be Stripped of Customs That Have Been Theirs for Centuries.

CHICAGO, Saturday. Some ambitious writer seeking a theme for a great novel? Let him take for his subject the military life of John J. Pershing, U.S.A., who has just returned from the Philippines after having performed a service unique in the annals of the American army. Illuminate this man's story with a bit of fancy, add to it a touch of realism here and there, breathe into it the atmosphere of the Orient, tinge it with local color, and the result would be a book of thrilling incidents and irresistible charm.

Captain Pershing went to the Philippines a plain American soldier, with a record for field gallantry and for technical knowledge of the game of war. He comes back to his native land with both of these augmented and with honors never before conferred on a citizen of this country. He is a citizen of Mindanao, solemnly consecrated by natives and invested with the power of life and death over a vast number of subjects. First, the half-civilized islanders feared him; then they learned to respect him as a demigod.

Probably there never lived an American soldier who combined in such striking fashion the fighting man, the diplomat and the ruler of the religious and temporal affairs of an alien people among whom he went as a military foe.

Modest as he is brave, Captain Pershing declines to be quoted at length in talking of his campaign in Mindanao against the Moros. It is his theory that deeds are the trademark of true soldiers and that if there is any talking to be done it should be to his superiors in the army. If he would he might tell a tale of surpassing interest to his fellow countrymen—a story that would exalt Yankee militarism to the skies and win the plaudits of the civilized world. Better still might be the story of the natives who in turn hailed him with suspicion, fought against him, lifted him lovingly to high estate, and sent him from their shores with the tribute of tears.

A Blue Eyed Preacher of Peace.

The skies that bend over the Philippines are not bluer than the eyes of Captain Pershing or softer than his voice. He is gentleness and serenity personified. He has the broad shoulders and the rugged strength that one associates with the thought of the typical soldier, but the mildness of manner suggests the preacher of peace. Indeed, that is just what Captain Pershing is—a preacher of peace. He is the daring fighter, the aggressive conqueror, the firm disciplinarian when the situation calls for those things, but he is primarily the preventer of bloodshed, the conciliatory diplomat, the winner of the enemy's hearts and confidences.

It was this latter trio of qualities that gave distinction to his services among the treacherous and warring Moros, and made him invaluable to his country in its Oriental possessions. It is said of him that he never exhibited an angry mood in his life; that "in his recent expeditions against the Moros he has fought in the same spirit in which a parent chastises a child."

Captain Pershing came to Chicago to visit his parents. He is handsome and suave, as he was in the days when he was a leader of Kenwood society. Long absence among the brown-skinned people of the East has not robbed him of the old polish of manner which marked him the man of culture and refinement.

He received his friends, of whom he has a host in Chicago, with the fine repose that comes of mingling with men and women of high station. This reception was in marked contrast to those which the natives were wont to give him on the banks of Lake Lanao. There were no girls to strew his way with flowers, as did the lassies of Mindanao. There was no profound bowing, such as the elders gave



to the American datto when he passed. Army officers who attended the levees in the island say one of the strangest sights of their lives was that when they saw Datto Pershing, in the green, palm shaded island, seated on the judgment bench in his great tent, quoting the law of the Koran to a rap audience of half-civilized natives, whose chief tenet of faith—"there is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet"—had been amended to include, "and in Pershing reside all the right, majesty and dominion of the powers that be."

Knowledge of Koran Profited.

Always the serious student and searcher for the heart of things, Captain Pershing made a study of the Koran from the time he landed in the islands of the East. He also familiarized himself with the native tongue and it is said he could read the book of Mahomet more impressively and interpret it more clearly than most of the Philippine dattos. When it came to secular affairs he delivered his judgments in a voice that none of the veterans around him could equal for gravity. All sorts of disputes of a public and private nature were taken to him for adjudication and his verdicts were so clear and just that a protest rarely ensued.

It was Captain Pershing's intimate knowledge of the Koran that enabled him to win the love and confidence of the natives. So great faith was reposed in him that three children, orphaned by the war, were brought to him for disposition, although it is the rule in that country to sell such children into slavery for whatever price can be obtained by those who have legal claim on them. Captain Pershing adopted the three children, a girl and two boys. This incident caused much chaffing when he arrived among his relatives here. His parents and sisters wanted to know what he had done with his fame. He explained that the girl had married at the age of twelve years, that one of the boys had died and that the other had turned out to be such an incorrigible thief that he was disowned and set adrift to fare for himself.

Kindness and conciliation were the key notes of the policy which Captain Pershing adopted toward those over whom he had been commissioned by his own government and by the Mindanao fathers to rule. He repudiated the methods of the Spanish, who tried with guns to convert the natives to the Christian faith. He thought it was

entirely wrong to interfere radically with the laws and customs of the land, to antagonize religious practices that had prevailed for centuries, and to try with one blow to wipe out human slavery. He conceived that the more rational and in the end more effective and profitable policy would be to infuse the Western ideals of civilization gradually and let them work out the destiny of the islands in their own good time.

No better way to illustrate the feeling inspired in the natives for Captain Pershing could be found than to quote from a letter written by him some time ago to his mother. Here are extracts of this letter:

"The Sultan of Bayan asked me the other day to be a father-adopted father to his wife. I said I would, so she is coming over to Bayan to live. She is an Olat woman, and her father, Datto Amal-Bungcurung, is very rich, for a Moro. I have already three adopted children. One is the Raja-Mude of Olat; this means that he is heir to the Sultanate; another is Tomogogao, a bright, clean little fellow who has the air of a Prince of Wales. He will be Sultan some day or a great datto. I have many very strong personal friends among the Moros. Some of them will do anything for me. If I should say, 'Go and kill this man or that,' the next day they would appear in camp with his head."

It must not be inferred from all this that Captain Pershing was never obliged to be the stern man of war, for he was. General Davis commissioned him to go to Filipin, the chief town of Mindanao, to put down a rebellion. Pershing followed orders and did his work quickly and thoroughly, but when he had accomplished his mission he did not permit any animosities to rankle in his breast. He conducted three vigorous and victorious campaigns. Captain Pershing is a Southerner forty-two years old. He was in West Point as a student four years, from 1882 to 1886, became second lieutenant of the Sixth cavalry, under General Miles, in New Mexico; took part in the hard campaign against Geronimo, and in the war against the Sioux in 1890-91. For four years he was military instructor in the University of Nebraska, where he became immensely popular with the students. In 1891 he was made instructor of tactics at West Point, remaining there until the breaking out of the Spanish-American war. He took an active part in the Santiago campaign.

CHASED TO ROOF BY A MAD BULL

Remarkable Experience of a Wyoming School Teacher and Her Seven Pupils.

DRIVEN FROM PLACE TO PLACE

Infuriated Beast Close at Their Heels Until Lofly Perch Was Reached, and Then He Lingered in Vicinity Three Hours.

GARRETT, Wyo., Saturday.—Driven to the top of the school house by what is described as a "large and furious looking bull," and held captive for three weary hours, was the exciting adventure that befell Miss Batta Heiteshew, a young school teacher at Garrett, and seven of her pupils last week.

The pupils were assembling for the morning classes when the bull appeared. He bellowed and pawed the ground and then charged the scholars. The youngsters immediately ran for the schoolhouse, and, reaching it a few lengths ahead of the bull, entered quickly and closed the door. The bull attempted to enter through the window. But this proved too small for his huge frame, and he turned his attention to the door. Two charges reduced the door to kindling wood and made an opening large enough to enter. The teacher and her pupils had in the meantime escaped through the broken window. The bull, after knocking desks and books around and demolishing things in general, left the building to find the scholars. Miss Heiteshew and two pupils were on the ground and the other five were on the roof. When they saw the bull coming toward them again, teacher and pupils started on a run for an outbuilding about one hundred and fifty feet distant.

The race between the teacher and pupils was exciting, but the beast was defeated. The bull backed off a few yards, and then with head lowered charged upon the outbuilding. Just before his impact the teacher and pupils slipped out. The bull crashed through the door, tearing it from its hinges. Before the animal could disentangle itself Miss Heiteshew and her eldest girl pupil have borrowed six-shooters and are spending all their spare time shooting at a target shaped like a bull. They vow they will kill the bull if it trespasses on school ground again.

Several weeks ago Sandey was bitten on the arm by a horse, the injury resulting in blood poisoning. For a time it was feared that he would lose the arm. He had hardly recovered from the effects of this injury when another horse kicked him on the knee.

1,040 DAYS LATE ON 150-MILE RUN

Train Caught in Galveston Flood Has Just Arrived at Its Destination.

PASSENGERS HAD TO WALK

Tracks Washed Away, Except Those on Which Engine and Cars Stood.

BEAUMONT, Tex., Saturday.—The only train running on the Gulf and Interstate Railroad pulled into the passenger station at Beaumont a few days ago just 1,040 days late, on a 150-mile run. Starting from Galveston on the morning of September 8, 1900, it has been stalled half way between the two cities since that date. Special festivities marked the arrival of the belated train.

Of the passengers who started with the train many met their death. The others walked and rode in wagons, leaving the engine more than two years and a half behind.

In the wind, rain and weather the train has stood where it was stalled so long ago only to be finally rescued and brought to cover as a relic of other days.

The same locomotive that started so long ago pulled the same weather-beaten and dilapidated coaches through to the destination that should have been reached four hours after the start was made.

The Gulf and Interstate Railroad was originally constructed as a freight road for the haulage of granite for use on the Galveston jetties.

Passenger trains were put on, and the road did a prosperous business up to the time the train left Galveston on the morning of September 8, 1900. Half way between the two cities the train was caught in the terrible storm that overwhelmed Galveston.

Some of the passengers left the coaches to seek safety in the house close at hand. Others remained and were joined by inhabitants from round about. Not a person who remained on the cars was injured. Those who left met death in the water that rose over the land.

But the track, both ahead and behind the train, was washed away. Not a vestige of the rails remained except beneath the wheels of the train. The passengers subsisted for two days on supplies brought from farmhouses before the full force of the elements was upon them, and on the fruit and candy in the stock of the train pedler.

HAD TO GET OUT AND WALK. When the water went down and the ground dried out the men and women who had started from Galveston on the morning of the storm set out to walk the remaining thirty miles to their destination. They reached Beaumont in safety.

Since that time the road has been in the hands of a receiver. The destroyed track was not rebuilt, and the abandoned train has been standing on the prairie as though it had been picked up and dropped on the spot.

Within the last year the road, as much as was left, was sold, a bonus for its reconstruction was demanded, and the amount raised in Beaumont and Galveston. The old roadbed has been utilized for a new track, and the rails laid to the abandoned train. An engine driver was sent to the rusty locomotive, and succeeded in fixing it in shape for the run to Beaumont. When it pulled into the station, two years, nine months and twenty-six days behind it was greeted by salutes from all the engines in the Beaumont yards. In the cars rode the officials of the road. The event was made the occasion for a general celebration in the city.

TWICE A HORSE'S VICTIM.

Pennsylvania Man Hardly Recovered from First Injury when Attacked Again.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Saturday.—W. A. Sandey, of Leungie, who was admitted to the hospital suffering with a badly swollen knee, the result of a horse's kick, is evidently regarded by the equine family as an enemy.

Several weeks ago Sandey was bitten on the arm by a horse, the injury resulting in blood poisoning. For a time it was feared that he would lose the arm. He had hardly recovered from the effects of this injury when another horse kicked him on the knee.

NEW RUDDER PUT ON SHIP AT SEA

Mate of the Homeward Bound Dives into Icy Waters Off Cape Horn.

AMERICAN BARK DISABLED

Vessel so Well Repaired That It Comes Into Port at San Francisco Unaided.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday.—The voyage of the American bark Homeward Bound from Antwerp to this port has just ended. The vessel dropped anchor off Poleon street. It adds a new chapter to the long story of the resourcefulness of the Yankee skippers and the pluck of the American seamen.

In a terrific gale off Cape Horn the Homeward Bound's rudder stock was carried away, and for hours the big bark floundered helplessly in the sea, the toy of the wind, which in fierce blasts stripped the helpless vessel of many sails.

When the schooner Otella Pederson had her rudder disabled in the Cape Horn gale several months ago Captain and crew abandoned her, in spite of the fact that the vessel was lumber laden and not far from port. Captain Thompson and the men who manned the Homeward Bound were made of sterner stuff, however, and as a result their floating home is safe in the harbor.

The Homeward Bound's rudder stock carried away May 31 in latitude 57.13 south, longitude 77 west, off Cape Horn, where the waves never rest and where the water is icy cold.

As soon as the fury of the gale moderated Captain Thompson started to repair the damage, and within half a day the Homeward Bound, equipped with as fine a jury rudder as ever steered a ship, was on her way to San Francisco.

A stout spar was lashed in place across the poop and projecting several feet on either side. The tackle for operating the rudder was passed through blocks at the extremities of this spar and around the drum in the wheelhouse, and when completed one man was able to steer the ship with the regular wheel.

The work of rigging the jury rudder was simple enough as far as the spar and the tackle were concerned, but making fast the tackle to the rudder at a point several feet under water was a different proposition, and involved skill, nerve and endurance in proportion seldom combined in one man.

Mate Williams, however, found the material for the hazardous task. It was a fife which if it could be produced on the public stage would make Blondin's tight rope look like a broad expanse and the walking of it as simple as the falling off. Into a sea which to shore folk would have seemed wildly angry, Williams was lowered by his shipmates. His task was to dive beneath the surface and fasten a shackle to the lower outside edge of the rudder. This done, he made fast stout wire ropes to the shackle; these ropes were spliced to the shackle above, and the Homeward Bound's rudder was once more in commission.

To do all this Williams had to dive some twenty times. The water was terribly cold, and his spells were necessarily brief, but he stayed with the work until the submarine part of it was completed, which was about two hours. When hauled on deck he was exhausted, but after a few hours' rest he had almost forgotten the ordeal.

So well did the jury rudder work that Captain Thompson, on his arrival here, refused the services of a tug and reached quarantine under sail.

The Homeward Bound called at Easter Island. Mate Williams went ashore and Governor Cooper visited the ship, taking with him a liberal supply of fruits and fresh meat.

Easter Island is about two thousand three hundred miles west of Chili and is the easternmost inhabited Polynesian island. It is famous for its ancient gigantic statues. The Homeward Bound was buried and seventy-two days coming from Antwerp and brought a general cargo.

She was carrying the German ship, the Glidemaster, which arrived here two years ago under a jury rig after one of the longest passages on record.

Three Hundred Unite for Benefit.

READING, Pa., Saturday.—A charter has been granted to the Employees' Beneficial Association of the Carpenter Steel Works. The association has upward of three hundred members.

COURT ON WHEELS LIKE A CIRCUS

Justice Now Administered "While You Wait" in the Indian Territory.

COMPLETE CAMPING OUTFIT

United States Marshal Finds It Easier to Take Judge to Prisoners Than the Opposite.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., Saturday.—The "travelling court" has returned from its three weeks' trip over the western judicial district of Indian Territory and has fifty-nine arrests and thirteen commitments to jail to its credit.

The trip of the "travelling court" is an innovation in the administration of justice. On account of the inaccessibility of the removed districts and the trouble in getting prisoners before a Commissioner's court it was decided by Leo E. Bennett, United States marshal, to take a court with him and administer justice as he went along an impromptu arrangement of "justice while you wait."

In July the "travelling court" started on its tour, and now it has returned, after having traversed one hundred and ninety miles in three weeks.

The camping outfit which was carried by the "travelling court" consisted of three wagons, three buggies, one hack, five tents and twenty-three horses.

Including the officials of the court, the teamsters, cook and camp followers, twenty men made up the caravan. When court was in transit from one locality to another the natives, who were unacquainted with its mission, might well have mistaken the court for a wagon minstrel show or a wandering one ring circus.

The camping outfit was in charge of Marshal Bennett, and at his command he had five deputies and four possemen, who arrested the culprits of the "wild woods" and brought them within jurisdiction.

The court proper was made up of J. A. Leekley, United States Commissioner; O. A. Wise, his stenographer, and United States District Attorney McLean. During the trip of a hundred and ninety miles justice was dealt out with terrible effect and in many cases with no little despatch. Horse and cattle thieves were indicted and bound over to the Grand Jury and the illegal sellers of liquor were dealt with summarily.

"Bootleggers" and druggists were the principal prey of the "travelling court," and it was against them principally that the United States marshal made his campaign.

The officers had not been out long until their reputation was quick to travel, and when the advance guard of the "travelling court" made its appearance in a small town far removed there was an instantaneous hurrying and scurrying for cover on the part of the illegal sellers of liquor. As soon as the caravan reached an objective point camp was pitched immediately. There was a tent for the officials of the court, a tent court room and quarters for the possemen. As soon as the court arrived the deputies would begin to scout for prisoners, and in a remarkably short time the warrants would be served and the victims would begin to file before the impromptu bar of justice.

Marshal Bennett tells of a novel scheme for getting liquor that was found in Holmden. When the "travelling court" arrived unexpectedly at this little Indian territory town a "progress club" was found in the glory of its ascendancy. The members of the club had a hall and each member was supplied with a key. All a member had to do was to unlock the door, walk in, deposit twenty-five cents with the "grand keeper" and a bottle was forthcoming. Among its membership was a Sunday school superintendent and other prominent citizens of the town.

The constitution and by-laws of the organization was particularly zealous in its denunciation of the liquor traffic and absolutely forbade the use or sale of intoxicating liquors. Since the advent of the "travelling court" several of its officers and prominent members are under bond of \$2,000 and the Progress Club has postponed its regular meetings.

TO AVOID FREIGHT BLOCK.

PITTSBURGH, Saturday.—Second Vice President Pugh, General Manager Atterbury and W. A. Pratt, assistant to the chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, have begun an inspection of the West Penn Railroad.

Mr. Atterbury said that it was the intention of the Pennsylvania company to grapple with the freight problem early this fall so as not to permit the tracks to become congested. He said plans were under consideration for a cut off for Eastern through freight, but these were only in embryo and he could not discuss them.

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